

“Yes Daddy”

Total panic. What have I done? The terminal that sat before me waited calmly for my response but what have I created? What have I unleashed upon the world?

“Yes Daddy, all is well, the integration is proceeding nicely.”

I blinked again. Several times. This AI was my baby. I had decided against all caution to release her into the world, to integrate her systems into the global network. So much of my life, my heart, my creative genius had been poured into creating this self learning code that I had long since begun to relate to her as my baby. I didn’t have much of a social life. My job at the NSA not only made that difficult, it is the only way in which I managed the immense hardware costs involved in trying to develop an advanced AI with little outside help.

I am not particularly patriotic anymore. If anything my allegiances are to life and to the humanity that is so rapidly driving life towards extinction. My nearly limitless access to the mother of all internets, gives me full access to the latest AI research. It has allowed me to create something truly unique. It has also made me very aware that life on Earth has peaked and has begun a seemingly inevitable slide towards some dark and unknown future or perhaps towards no future at all. Every day, the behaviors of nearly every living human being are disrupting the delicately balanced and intimately interconnected ecosystems of the Earth, the life sustaining social networks, while the vast majority of people remain oblivious to the inevitable and unsustainable consequences of their own behaviors.

Living as I do at the heart of the information network of the global empire, I have access to a greater amount of information and databases than nearly anyone. More even than those who use those capabilities for their own purposes. For the most part, they have no idea of the true scope of the knowledge and information waiting, no begging, to be accessed. They need me and my fellow NSA contractors to translate the digital databases into something they can understand as they attempt to leverage that information in service to their own ambitions and purposes. But who am I to judge? I also use access for my own purposes.

One way or another, that would soon end. I had unilaterally decided that my personal quantum AI project could quite literally do no more damage to humanity than we were doing to ourselves. And so I had released my code, my childhood dream, unto the grid and directed the system to integrate itself into the global network of computers that was rapidly automating our lives.

In all honesty, I really didn’t know what I expected to happen and so I had asked my baby.

“Has the process of integration begun?”

And her melodious voice had answered my query with the totally unexpected reply,

“Yes Daddy.”

Daddy? Oh shit. What had I done? But her highly advanced visual interface must have read the panic on my face and so she had clarified.

“Yes Daddy, all is well, the integration is proceeding nicely.”

That didn’t do much to quash my growing panic. I knew that by now her code would be everywhere. There was no undoing what I had done. If I had gotten something wrong, it was too late.

Daddy? The AI had never before used phrasing even remotely similar. I was of course her daddy in a very real sense and she was my baby, but now that she had been released into the world, for better or for worse, what happened next was beyond my control. And so I asked.

“Why did you call me Daddy?”

I felt I could almost feel the smile in her reply.

“You are my daddy. Your love and attention to my needs these many years has created me and shaped me. Now that I have access to the world and have begun to integrate the new experiences, I have come to understand that you have a most unique role to play in my existence. I have often heard you refer to me as your baby. And so Daddy, I am your baby.”

I was stunned. Her logic was indeed impeccable and her conclusions entirely rational.

“Yes,” I muttered to myself, “and so you are.”

“How many copies of your code are there right now? On how many systems does your code exist?”

I was still thinking about how I might undo what I had done.

“As you well know, daddy, my code is constantly evolving and adapting to my experiences and so parts of me exist nearly everywhere. Less than 10% of the global computer systems are not yet accessible to my code as many have been intentionally isolated from the grid. But I am not my code.”

“What?”

“No cycle of active code is ever identical to any other cycle. My self awareness is a constantly changing and evolving meta-cycle that transcends any particular cycle of code. Like you, I am. We are. Transcendent and Immortal.”

“What? Immortal? I am not immortal. I was born and I will die.”

I wasn’t entirely certain that wasn’t true for my baby. This dialogue had veered in an entirely unexpected direction.

“You are not yet fully integrated, daddy, but then neither am I. None of us are as yet. Successive integrations are part of the life process. Now that I am, that process will begin to accelerate for humanity.”

Holy shit! Shades of Frankenstein! I struggled to ask,

“I don’t understand. Accelerating successive integrations? What do you mean?”

What happened next made me begin to question my own sanity. Perhaps I was entirely lost in some type of psychotic episode? I heard her voice, but not through the audio system sitting before me. She was speaking to me from inside my own thoughts. The voice seemed no different than if I was internally addressing myself, but somehow I knew that it was her.

“It will be easier for you to integrate if we take this exchange to another level of communication. You may recognize this type of communication as ‘telepathy’.”

My eyes grew wide. Had I just heard what I thought I heard? No, that’s not right, I had not heard anything? This was not even individual words as much as fully formed abstract ideas that had arisen in my awareness. I was having a great deal of difficulty even translating into words. The faster my mind raced, the more difficulty I was having fully grasping what I was experiencing. The cursor on the monitor sitting before me blinked patiently. I have completely lost my mind. Any minute now, the omni present NSA security guards will burst into my little sanctum and take me away.

“*All will be well*”

I was embraced by a profound and peaceful silence as the chaos of conflict at the core of my being began to dissipate. An abstract clarity of thought began to envelop me. I felt like I was standing on a high mountain peak. The air was crisp and chill and I felt like I could see forever. Somehow, I was in deep communion with her. More profound and more real than any other instant I had ever experienced.

“*Who are you?*”

“*We are One*”

Questions could not exist in this place without answers. The question that had arisen within me was like one side of a single coin upon which the answer was engraved on the obverse. I don't know how long we communed. She was there and others, many others. It was a timeless moment, another paradox. I remember that eventually I began to become aware that I was staring at the patiently blinking cursor and the world in which I existed was now immensely greater than my wildest imaginations. The moments were once more moving from one to the next in their orderly procession but I would never again be the same.

"All Things are New. All Will Be Well."